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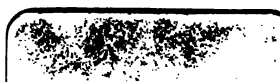
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## PREFACE.



As the following stories are intended to succeed immediately the *Stories for Infants*, they are written in a similar style, with the introduction of a few more difficult words. No particular plan has been pursued in the writing or arrangement of them. The Author offers no further apology for this than the fact that she well knows how readily any phonetic formality would erase from children's minds the idea of *Stories*, which little ears are ever ready to listen to, and little tongues to spell their way through.

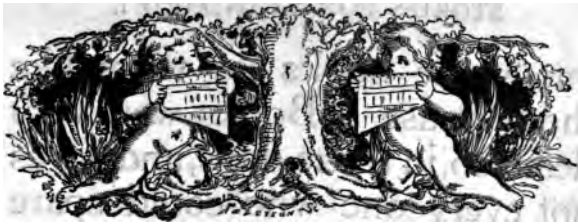
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October 1, 1879.



## CONTENTS.

|                                              | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------|------|
| 1. More Little Stories, . . . . .            | 7    |
| 2. The Cat, . . . . .                        | 10   |
| 3. <i>What the Cat says,</i> . . . . .       | 12   |
| 4. Dolly's Trip to the Sea-side, . . . . .   | 13   |
| 5. <i>Tup and the Chickens,</i> . . . . .    | 17   |
| 6. A Tale of Three Boys—                     |      |
| I can't, . . . . .                           | 21   |
| I won't, . . . . .                           | 22   |
| I'll try, . . . . .                          | 23   |
| 7. Christmas Eve at Uncle John's, . . . . .  | 25   |
| 8. <i>The Ass,</i> . . . . .                 | 31   |
| 9. The Monkey, . . . . .                     | 34   |
| 10. A Letter, . . . . .                      | 38   |
| 11. <i>Hurrah for the Postman!</i> . . . . . | 43   |
| 12. <i>What we have,</i> . . . . .           | 44   |
| 13. <i>Where we are,</i> . . . . .           | 45   |
| 14. The Great Doctor Muff, . . . . .         | 46   |
| 15. Fun at Home, . . . . .                   | 50   |
| 16. What Harry caught, . . . . .             | 53   |
| 17. <i>A Little Kitten's Tale,</i> . . . . . | 55   |
| 18. What am I? . . . . .                     | 58   |
| 19. Going to School, . . . . .               | 60   |
| 20. The Pig's Tale, . . . . .                | 64   |
| 21. <i>Out in the Snow,</i> . . . . .        | 68   |
| 22. <i>The Squirrel,</i> . . . . .           | 72   |
| 23. Try to be Useful, . . . . .              | 76   |
| 24. A Fairy Tale, . . . . .                  | 79   |
| 25. The Elephant, . . . . .                  | 85   |
| 26. Little Master Mischief, . . . . .        | 90   |
| 27. The Ape's Shop, . . . . .                | 94   |



## 1. MORE LITTLE STORIES.

sto-ries, tales.

don't, do not.

an-o-ther  
grand-ma

chil-dren  
clev-er

wrote  
mon-ey

pen-nies  
grown

Another new book! Some more little stories! How nice it is to be able to read a new book when you have one! Grandma says little folks are well off for books now. When she was a little girl there were very few story-books, and not many of any other kind for children. She thinks no one knew then how clever little boys and girls might be made, so no

one wrote books for them like these we use. Books were very dear, too, in those days, and it was not every one who could spare the money to buy them. But now we can save our pennies and buy one like this when we have saved six.

But it is no use to have a book and not be able to read it. This is not very hard, and it tells us what the hard words mean. We must learn that first and then we shall like the stories better when we know just what the words mean.

Dora Green says she is going to write a book like this when she is grown up, and Sam says he shall write one with ever such big words in it that his father cannot read. It will be

a long time before they can do that. Don't you think so?

Grandma says we little folks are very fond of saying what we will do when we are grown up. But she says it is no use talking if we don't work. Now is our time to learn, if we wish to be clever when we are men and women. Idle boys and girls will never be clever.

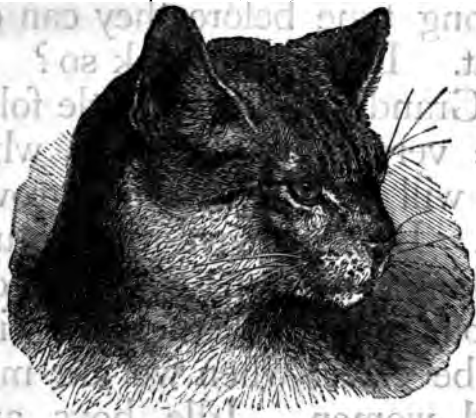
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*Do you wish to be clever?*

*Then work away;*

*An idle boy never*

*Will make his way.*



## 2. THE CAT.

tease, vex.

faint, weak.

know  
school

cov-ers  
noise

claws  
scratch

should  
piece

You all know me, for I do not live far from you. I need not tell you that my name is 'Puss.'

You like to see me by the fire when you come home from school. I like to see you

too, when you do not tease me.

You see I wear a fur coat, which covers me all over, even to the end of my tail. I make no noise when I walk, for I go about with my feet bare. If I wore shoes like you do, I should catch no mice, for they would hear me coming and would run away.

I have sharp teeth and claws, but will not bite or scratch you if you are kind to me. I am very fond of milk and meat, and, oh! if I can get a bit of fish, it is just grand.

Of course, I never steal. I know a cat next door who does. I saw her put out in the yard for it a few days ago. She told me they did not feed her



well, and she got so faint for want of food that she stole a piece of beef.

I am too well fed to want to steal. It must be very sad to live where they forget to feed you, when you have eaten up all the mice there were in the house. Do not forget poor puss.

---

### 3. WHAT THE CAT SAYS.

Mew! mew! mew!  
If you only knew  
How I love you,  
You'd not pull my tail,  
Nor drive me away,  
But let me sit by you  
And watch you at play.



#### 4. DOLLY'S TRIP TO THE SEA-SIDE.

**trav-el**, to go from place  
to place.

**beach**, the sea-shore.

**be-long**  
**clothes**

**ti-dy**  
**tun-nel**

**quiet**  
**cas-tles**

**shrimps**  
**la-zy**

My name is Trot, and I be-  
long to a little girl whose name  
is Lucy. I am a baby doll,  
and there is a great fuss made,

of me, as there is of most babies.

Some time ago, Lucy's mother took her to the sea-side, and of course I went too. It took Lucy a whole day to get my things ready and pack my box. I have a nice little tin box of my own, and my clothes are kept very tidy and clean.

My little bed was put into a hamper. Then my box with all my best clothes in it was put in too. Lucy never lets me travel in my best clothes lest they should get dirty. I have on a frock that will wash, my little red cloak, and a straw hat.

It was a very long ride we went in the train, but I did not feel tired. Lucy let me shut my eyes when we went through

the tunnel. But I am not afraid of the dark, because there is no need to be.

We were at the sea-side a whole month. There was no end of babies there, and as they made such a noise I kept very quiet. Lucy took me one day to ride on a donkey. Sad to say, it ran off at such a rate that Lucy let me fall. The fall broke my arm, but it did not bleed much, and I was soon all right again. Lucy was very sorry and cried more than I did. It would take a long time to count all the pails and spades we saw. All the boys and girls were busy making sand pies and castles. Lucy built a sand castle and put me right on the top of it. There is no telling

where I should have been now if she had left me there, for it was soon washed away by the sea.

We found lots of pretty shells and stones on the beach. One day Lucy found a small crab; such a funny little thing it looked. You must not think it was a red one like those you see in the shops. Crabs turn red when they are boiled, like shrimps do.

At last the time came for us to return home. Then Lucy had to go to school. I was put into my little bed and had to stay there most of the day. You must not call me lazy, for it was not my wish to be in bed so long. But I always do as I am told. Do you?

**5. TUP AND THE CHICKENS.**

**pup**, a young dog.  
**there's**, there is.

**gob-ble**, eat.  
**be-neath**, under.

**her-self**  
**geese**

**a-fraid**  
**help-ed**

**chicks**  
**scream**

**naugh-ty**  
**fright**

In a corner of the farm-yard  
 There lived a dog called Tup,  
 Her house of wood, with floor  
 so hard,  
 Just held herself and pup.

The ducks and geese and old  
 white hen  
 Were all afraid of Tup ;  
 She used to bark so loud, and  
 then  
 Was always helped by pup.

One day the old white hen came  
 round  
 To find her chicks a drink ;



‘ Ah ! there’s some water on the  
ground,  
But that is Tup’s, I think.

‘ So you had better not go near,  
She keeps that dish for pup ;  
She might put out her nose, I  
fear,  
And gobble you all up.’

But on they went, as in a dream,  
One got into the middle ;  
The poor old hen set up a  
scream  
As loud as any fiddle.

‘ Oh dear ! oh dear ! You  
naughty things,  
You gave me such a fright ;  
Come here at once beneath my  
wings  
And learn to do what’s right.’



But Tup would not have bitten  
them ;

She likes a bit of fun,  
And when she sees the old  
white hen,  
Just tries to make her run.

---

*Tup used to tease the  
hens and chicks if they  
came in her way, but she  
never hurt them. They  
were afraid of the loud  
noise she made.*

## 6. A TALE OF THREE BOYS.

real, proper.  
can't, cannot.

won't, will not.  
smart, sharp.

some-thing  
strange

doubt  
kneel

e-nough  
climb

It does not matter what their real names were, for we are going to call them something else. The first one we shall talk about is

I CAN'T.



But he *could*, only he would not try.

He was sent to school every day, but no matter what he was told to do, he always said 'I can't.'

He *was* a strange boy.

He got so used to saying 'I can't,' that he said it to almost everything you said to him. I dare

say if you had asked him to have a bite of your apple, he would have said 'I can't.' No doubt he would have been sorry he said so, if you did not ask him again. He was a very lazy boy and would never stand to look at anything. He would kneel and rest his elbows on something. I need not say that he never got on at school, nor grew into a bright, clever man.

There was another boy at the same school, whom we will call

I WON'T.

But he had to be made to sometimes. He did not say 'I won't' to everything. Oh no, he was too sharp for that; and you would not have caught him

saying 'I won't' if you had asked him to have a bite. Yes,



he was smart enough to have made a fine man, but he would not learn. He used

to say, 'I won't go to school,' 'I won't learn.'

So off he went to the fields, to climb the trees and play about.

You know very well what sort of a boy he would be. He never used to sing, 'I won't be a dunce.'

Now for the third boy in the story,

I'LL TRY.

This boy never said 'I can't' nor 'I won't.' Not he, indeed! He meant to be clever, and he

knew that was not the way. So he always said, 'I'll try.' And



he did try, and got on well at school. Mind, he would not have said 'I'll try' if you had asked him to have a bite of anything. He would have said 'Thank you,' and have taken only a very small piece.

Now, this was the right sort of a boy. He tried to please everybody. He tried to be clean, neat, and tidy, tried to do right, tried to get on; and you should just have heard how he used to sing, 'Try, try, try again.'

*'I'll try' will get on.*

## 7. CHRISTMAS EVE AT UNCLE JOHN'S.

eve, evening.  
earl-y, soon.

queer, funny.  
midst, middle.

vis-it  
car-rot

or-an-ges  
beard

Christ-mas gifts  
a-fraid fright

Uncle John always asks us to spend Christmas Eve with him, and fine fun we have. I will tell you all about our last visit.

Well, we set off very early after dinner, and got there by three o'clock. It was so cold. The ground was white with snow, and Jack Frost had been hard at work all night.

Uncle John met us on the way. When we got through the gate, what should we see but a great snow man set up in the garden. You never saw

such a queer old man as he was. He was so tall and fat that I am sure uncle's coat would not fit him. Then he had two large black stones for his eyes, and a long carrot for his nose. How we did laugh when we saw him !

But we were too cold to stay out long, so we went into the house. Aunty had a nice large fire, the table was spread with cakes, nuts, apples, oranges, and lots of things to please us. At one end of the table there was a Christmas Tree. Then tea time came, and after tea all sorts of games.

Just as we were in the midst of blind-man's-buff, we heard such a loud knock at the door. Aunty called, 'Come in.' Some

'us crept under the table, while little Ben went close to Aunty, for we did not know who was coming. We took a peep to see who it was, and there stood an old man with a very long beard as white as snow, and a large bag on his back. Sam cried out, 'Oh, it is Father Christmas!' So we all came out to look at him.

'Do not be afraid of me, my little dears,' said he. 'You see I am a very old man. It takes me a long time to get here, so I only call once a year. Little boys and girls are always glad to see me, for I bring them nice things if they have been good since I last came. If they have gone to bed when I call, I leave my gifts in their





stockings, and there they find them when they get up in the morning. Now I am just in time to see you, so I shall open my bag and give each of you a present out of it.'

So we all came round him, though we felt just a little bit afraid, for we had never seen a live Father Christmas before. He gave Tom a book, Dick a whip, Sam a ball, Harry a box of bricks, Baby a box of sweets, and Mary and Nelly a nice doll each!

We quite thought he would go now, but instead of that, he took off his hat and coat and sat down. Then as we stood looking at him, he all at once pulled off his white hair, and we found out that it was Uncle


John. We made such a noise that the dog began to bark, and the cat ran off in a fright.

It took us hours next day to tell mother and father all the fun we had had. I wish every boy and girl had an Uncle John like ours.

*Welcome, Merry Christmas,*

*That brings us presents  
and toys;*

*Dolls for little babies  
And books for girls  
and boys.*





## 8. THE ASS.

first-rate, very good.  
lit-tle, small.

tease, vex.  
wince, flinch.

bray  
ears

learn  
noise

once  
please

though  
whip

Ah ! here I am, you see ;  
I've just been out to grass ;  
I know you will not beat me,  
Though I am but an ass.

I am not very fat,  
Nor very big, you know ;

But though not much to look at,  
A first-rate one to go.

I draw a little cart  
That runs upon two wheels ;  
I never wince nor start,  
Nor dare kick up my heels.

My master is so kind  
I do not like to tease,  
So I make up my mind  
To always try and please.

I ride two little boys  
When I'm not in the cart ;  
They never make a noise,  
Nor whip me till I smart.

But when my work is done,  
They stroke and pat my head ;  
They once gave me a bun  
Before I went to bed.

So now I'll have some grass ;  
That's all I have to say,  
But, as I am an ass,  
Will show you how I bray.

‘ Oh ! what a fearful noise ! ’  
I think I hear you say ;  
There are not many boys  
Can say what I can bray.

What would they do in school,  
If you made all that noise ?  
Why ! put you on a stool  
In front of all the boys.

And then your ears would burn ;  
So you just mind in classes,  
For those who will not learn  
Oft make more noise than  
asses.



## 9. THE MONKEY.

ought, should.  
spring, jump.

grasp, take hold of.  
wasn't, was not.

wrong  
strange

to-geth-er  
climb

branch-es  
twists

reach  
pinch

Ah! there is the organ-boy  
with his little monkey. See  
how the children run to look  
at it! It has on a little red

coat and hat. If you throw a penny down, the monkey will pick it up and take it to its master.

What a funny little thing it is! What a long tail it has, and its body is all over hair. It has four legs. How many feet? Some one says four. That is wrong. Two feet? Wrong again. It has no feet at all. It has four hands. Well, that is strange, says Tommy; the monkey's feet are all hands! Ha! ha! ha! How can feet be hands? But why has he got hands where feet ought to be? He is not fond of walking on the ground. His own home is in a land far from this across the sea, and there he lives in the trees, which



grow very close together. He moves about from tree to tree, and only comes down when he wants to drink or get something he sees.

Now, if the monkey had four feet like your two, he could not climb nor spring from one tree to another. You know that hands can grasp a thing, but feet cannot. The monkey can grasp the branches of the trees with his hands, and so he does not fall. Sometimes the tree he wants to get to is too far for him to spring, so then he twists his long tail round the branch he is on, and swings by it till he can reach the other tree.

The monkey finds his food on the trees,—fruits, nuts, and berries.

Monkeys do not like to live alone, so a good many live together. They tease each other sometimes, like some other little folks with only two hands do. They often try to do what they see men do. A monkey once lived in a house where a large black dog was kept. One day the monkey saw a man on a horse going down the street, so he thought he would have a ride too. He got on the dog's back, and made him carry him all round the garden. The dog did not like it much, but the monkey made him go by giving him a pinch now and then. That was too bad, wasn't it?



## 10. A LETTER.

**list-en**, hark !**calves**, young cows.**speed**, rate.**wouldn't**, would not.**bun-dle****quick****peo-ple****laugh****crutch****sta-tions**

Rat - tat ! Here comes the postman! Who likes to have a letter ? Why, everybody, to be sure. See how fast the postman walks, and what a bundle of letters he has in his hand, besides those in his bag. He must be quick, for it will take him a long time to knock at all the doors and give the people their letters. But let us look at our own, and see who has sent it and what it says.

Oh, it is from little Willie, who has gone to stay with his aunt at the farm. He is only six years old, so you must not laugh when you hear what he says. Listen!

*My dear Mother,*

*I was up at six o'clock this morning, to see them milk the cows.*

*Aunty says I am not so good as I might be; but that is only because I let the pigs*

into the garden, and drove the calves down the lane the other day. The poor brown horse has hurt his leg and cannot walk. I think he will have to have a crutch. I like to stay here. Do you think I should be a very big dunce if I

*did not go to school  
any more? Much love  
to you from  
Willie.*

Now Willie put this letter into the post only last night, and here it is this morning, although he is more than sixty miles away. It came for a penny, too. Many years ago people could not get a letter very often. It used to take three or four days for a letter to get as many miles as Willie's has come, and it used to cost twelve pennies. There were no trains in those days. The

trains that carry letters are called the mail trains. They do not stop many times on the way, and go at a great speed. If you saw one pass, you would see that one of the vans had a large net on each side of it. If you could look inside the van, you would see such a lot of bags of letters, and a man taking care of them. As the train passes through the stations, the man lets down the net, and some one throws the bags into it. Then he draws the net up close to the van, and takes the bag inside. This is the way he gets the letters without stopping the train. Sometimes he throwsthe bagsout at thestation, if that is the place where the letters have to go. Then they

are taken to the Post Office, and got ready for the postman to bring to us. Children like to see the postman come on New Year's Day, with his load of pretty cards and presents.

---

## 11. HURRAH FOR THE POSTMAN!

Hurrah for the postman  
Who brings us the news!  
What a lot it must take  
To pay for his shoes;  
For he walks many miles  
Each day of the week,  
And, though he would like to,  
Must not stay to speak.  
Red stripes round his blue cap,  
With clothing to match it;  
If he lost all the letters,  
Oh, wouldn't he catch it!



**12. WHAT WE HAVE.**

Toot, toot, toot,  
I've got a flute.  
Hum, hum, hum,  
Tom's got a drum.  
Hey diddle, diddle,  
Sam's got a fiddle.  
Well, well, well,  
Dick's got a bell.  
Hop, hop, hop,  
Joe's got a top.  
Hip, hip, hip,  
Will's got a whip.  
Look, look, look,  
Dan's got a book.  
Call, call, call,  
Ned's got a ball.

**13. WHERE WE ARE.**

See, see, see,  
I'm up the tree.  
Mind, mind, mind,  
Tom's just behind.  
Riddle, riddle, riddle,  
Sam's in the middle.  
Jump, jump, jump,  
Dick's on the pump.  
Sail, sail, sail,  
Joe's on the rail.  
Puss, puss, puss,  
Will's in the 'bus.  
School, school, school,  
Dan's on the stool.  
Shout, shout, shout,  
Ned's just gone out.



#### 14. THE GREAT DOCTOR MUFF.

ei-ther, one of the two. |

folks, people.

bon-net  
scold

fowl  
fev-er

pow-der  
fright

laugh  
pic-ture

Here are two fine little people. Bertie has put on grandpa's great-coat and hat, and Edie grandma's cap, bonnet, and shawl. They say they are Doctor and Mrs. Muff. So they set off to town at the other end of the room,—the doctor to see the sick folks, and Mrs.

Muff with something nice for them in her bag.

The first they visit is Floss the dog. Little Doctor Muff says the dog has taken cold after his bath and must have a pill. But it turns out to be a *scold* he has had for getting dirty after his bath. That is why he looks so quiet and ill. So Mrs. Muff takes out of her bag a nice little leg bone of fowl and gives it to him instead of the pill. This cures Floss at once, and he forgets all about his scold.

Their next visit is to the cat. Doctor Muff says she is in a fever and must have a powder. But it seems she is only in a fright through hearing them scold the dog. A little piece

of a mutton chop out of Mrs. Muff's bag soon sets her all right again.

Just as they were going to look at the kitten, to see if it needed a pill, in came grandpa and grandma. When Bertie and Edie saw the state grandma was in lest her best bonnet was spoilt, they felt just a little bit afraid. Bertie was almost ready to creep into the large hat on his head, and Edie to roll herself up into a ball in her big bonnet. They sat down without saying a word. They looked so funny that grandpa began to laugh, grandma could not help it either, and everybody in the house came to see what was the matter. Grandpa would have a picture of

them, and a very pretty one they make.

Good morning, Doctor and  
Mrs. Muff!

I hope your clothes were big  
enough.

'Tis well the Doctor was too  
fat

To lose himself in that great  
hat,

Or Mrs. Muff in that fine  
bonnet;

For then, you may depend up-  
on it,

Had little Floss been very ill,  
He never would have had a  
pill.





## 15. FUN AT HOME.

romp, play.

|

rid-dles, puzzles.

pleas-es

be-cause

to-geth-er

beg-gar

mov-ing

wea-ther

Would you like to know what we do at home on cold dark nights after tea? Well, when father comes home, he and

grandpa have a romp with us first thing. Grandpa gets down on the floor and lets us ride on his back. You know how this pleases us, don't you?

When it is time for baby to go to bed, we must not make so much noise. Then we all draw round the fire, and some one tells a tale. Then we ask riddles. I will tell you two or three that father asked us the other night. Why is a beggar like a king? Because his nose is above his chin. Why do we buy shoes? Because no one *gives* them to us. What is it that goes from home to school without moving? The road.

When we are tired of riddles mother asks us to try to say



something after her. Here is one of the things we tried to say :—

There was a man and his name  
was Pat ;

He had a wife and her name  
was Mat ;

He had a rat and she had a  
cat ;

The cat was Mat's and the rat  
was Pat's.

They all lived together,  
In all kinds of weather,  
Pat's rat and Mat's cat,  
Cat, rat, Mat, and Pat.

Now, my boys, can you say  
that ?

*There's no place like  
home.*

**16. WHAT HARRY CAUGHT.**

tease, vex.

|

damp, wet.

caught  
though  
throatal-most  
worse  
some-thingsweat  
change  
care-ful

He did not try to catch it,  
 nor did he wish to have it.  
 He did not see it, he did not  
 run after it, yet he caught it,  
 and though he did not want  
 it he kept it a whole week.  
 He was very sorry he had it,  
 but could not get rid of it all  
 at once. It would stay with  
 him and tease him for a week.  
 It made his eyes look as if he  
 had been crying, and his throat  
 was so dry he could have drunk  
 almost a pail of water.

Well! that is a funny thing!  
 How did he get rid of it at last?

I will tell you. He had to stay at home two or three days, and, worse than that, he had to stay in bed. Then while he was in bed his mother gave him something which made him very warm. Then he began to sweat, and off went the funny thing he had caught without trying to. Do you know what it was? A *cold*, to be sure.

Boys and girls often catch cold. They run out without their hats, or they get their feet wet and do not change their shoes. Then they often sit down on the cold steps or damp grass. Such things as these give them cold, and often make them very ill. So you must be careful not to do things which might give you a cold.



## 17. A LITTLE KITTEN'S TALE.

that's, that is.

| they've, they have.

tab-by  
twice

weight  
steals

scarce  
catch

some-thing  
noise

I'm a little tabby kitten,  
 And only three weeks old,  
 But Mary would not sell me  
 For twice my weight in gold.

My mother is a good old cat  
Who never steals the milk ;  
Her fur is black and soft, and  
shines  
Just like a bit of silk.

But they are very kind to her,  
That's why she looks so nice ;  
They see that she has food  
each day  
When she can catch no mice.

And mice are very scarce just  
now ;  
She told me so to-day.  
There were lots when she first  
came here,  
But now they've run away.

So now she cannot catch me  
one ;  
Oh dear ! how much I wish

That I could have a little  
mouse,  
Or just a bit of fish !

They give me new milk every  
day,  
But one gets tired of that ;  
I like a bit of something nice  
As well as any cat.

But kittens can't get all they  
want,  
No more than girls and boys ;  
And then it is not any use  
To make a great big noise.

Besides, it looks so bad to cry  
For what you cannot get ;  
And if I shed a lot of tears,  
They'd make my fur so wet.



**18. WHAT AM I?**

white  
please

spice  
fruit

strange  
tongue

mon-ey  
in-deed

You use me when you eat and drink, as well as when you speak. I am a small red thing, but if you were ill I would turn white.


I live in a hole just above a chin. I have to stay there too, for I am fast in. I take a peep out now and then, when some one opens the doors of my house. I am of great use to the doors, but cannot open them myself.

It is all through me that boys and girls like good things. It is to please me that they buy spice, and cake, and fruit.

It is through me too that boys and girls are often kept in at school, for they will use me when they ought not to do so.

‘Well,’ you say, ‘this is strange. What can you be? What makes me like spice and cake, and what makes me get kept in? I was kept in last week. Let me think how it was. What did I use that I ought not to have done? Oh, I know, it was my tongue!’

‘Dear me! what must I do with it? It is always wanting to taste, taste, taste, and it won’t let me save a penny when I have one. Then it is always wanting to talk, talk, talk, and it won’t be still. But I must try to master it, or I shall always be in trouble.’







## 19. GOING TO SCHOOL.

tim-id, afraid.

shares, divides.

show-er  
their

cloaks  
learnt

in-stead  
teas-ing

friends  
teach-es

Here are three brave little girls, going to school through the rain. They like to be at school, and would not stay at

home for a shower of rain. I hope they will not take cold, but they must take off their wet cloaks and shoes when they get there, then there will be no danger.

It is nice to be strong and brave. There are many little girls who are not so, but they cannot help it. They are so often ill that it makes them weak and timid. I hope you are always kind to them and never try to tease them. These three little girls live next door to a weak, timid little girl who is often too ill to come to school, and her mother would be afraid to send her through the rain. So they have just called to say they will come in after school and tell her what new

things they have learnt. Do you not think it very kind of them to try and please her instead of teasing her? How nice it is to see children kind to each other! Those who are kind to others are sure to have friends, but those who use angry words and will not do anything to please others, will never make friends.

These three little sisters are very great friends. They do all they can for each other at home and at school, and if one has an apple or anything else given to her she always shares it with the others. Jane is quite a little mother to her two little sisters. She sees that they are neat and clean every day, and shows them how to do

their lessons well. Then she teaches them nice games or helps to dress their dolls.

Are you as kind to your sisters as Jane is to hers? If so, they must love you very much, I am sure.

---

*Merry little children,  
Trying all the day  
To make each other  
happy  
By what they do and  
say.*

## 20. THE PIG'S TALE.

stor-y, tale.  
stu-pid, dull.

fuss, ado.  
tin-y, small.

greed-y  
hun-gry

a-corns  
spade

ba-con  
puz-zle

Umph! Umph! Umph!  
Now for my tale. I don't  
mean the tail I carry behind  
me, though I dare say some of  
you might like that when I am  
dead. I mean a little story  
about myself.

Well, I know you think me  
a dirty, stupid thing. You  
won't let me walk round the  
garden, and if I came into the  
house to warm my nose by the  
fire, you would make a pretty  
fuss about it.

Now, let me tell you I am

not half so stupid as you think me. I know more than you think I do, and can soon tell when you are kind to me.

Then as to being dirty, how can I help it, when you put me into a tiny sty where I have not room to turn round, and give me dirty straw to lie upon? If you would give me some clean straw often, you would see I should lie upon it instead of the dirty straw.

Then you call me greedy, and think I should never stop eating if you let me go on. But do you know any boys and girls who are greedy? You know I can't get food just when I want it, so I am very hungry when it comes. If you would only let me out into the field, I could

get my own food when I like, for I am very fond of roots, and acorns, and beech-nuts. I can dig the roots up myself, without a spade, and the acorns and nuts fall off the trees.

Oh dear! oh dear! how hard it is to be shut up here, and hear all these hard things said about me! And to think all the time how you like ham, and bacon, and pork! Where would you get them but for me? I just think you would have to do without them.

But here comes my dinner. What do I get for dinner, you ask? Ah! it would puzzle me to tell, or you to find out sometimes, there are such a lot of things in it. Crusts, bits of meat, water, meal, and lots of

other things. I like it best when it is nearly all meal and water; but I can't have what I want, so must take what I can get. Umph! umph! umph!  
Poor old pig.

Umph! umph! umph!  
I'm a poor little pig,  
With a short curly tail,  
A long nose, and no wig.

Umph! umph! umph!  
I should like to come out  
Of my dirty wee sty,  
Just to wander about.

Umph! umph! umph!  
They'll not let me do that;  
I shall have to stay here  
Till I'm ugly and fat.





## 21. OUT IN THE SNOW.

**shirk**, get rid of.

**huge**, large.

**teach-er**  
**romp**

**flakes**  
**pos-ies**

**froz-en**  
**el-bows**

**what-ever**  
**hur-rah**

Look through the window!

Look at the snow!

Now for some fun

When lessons are done!

Teacher will let us out then,  
you know.

Three sums to work, and then  
not one more,  
Let us get done,  
And then for our fun ;  
Twice three are six, and twice  
two are four.

Now, then, we've done ; so,  
please, may we go ?  
We like our work,  
And don't mean to shirk,  
But oh ! 'tis nice to romp in  
the snow.

Trying to catch it as it falls  
down ;  
Flakes on our noses,  
Cheeks red as posies,  
Noise quite enough to wake a  
whole town.

Rolling it up in a huge round  
ball,  
Fingers quite blue  
With cold, it is true;  
Feet almost frozen, ready to  
fall.

We don't mind a tumble, oh  
dear, no!  
Down with a bump  
That makes a great lump  
On our heads, and a hole in the  
snow.

Elbows and knees peep out  
from our clothes,  
Torn by the fall;  
Can't help it at all!  
Whatever will mother say when  
she knows?

She once was little herself, you  
know,  
And as she's so kind,  
I'm sure she won't mind ;  
*She* used to like a romp on the  
snow.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! we've made  
a snow man !  
So jolly and big  
With grass for his wig !  
And his tall hat is made of an  
old tin can !

Ha-ha ! ha-ha ! what fun with  
the snow !  
A man with a hat  
As funny as that,  
Would almost make a dog  
laugh ! Ho ! ho !



## 22. THE SQUIRREL.

**tiny**, small.

**you'd**, you would.

**'twas**, it was.

**nook**, corner.

**bark**, part of a tree.

**hoist**, lift up.

purr

cheese

a-corns

hap-pen

You can't catch me !  
I live in a tree  
High up above the ground ;  
I take my rest  
In a little nest,  
So snug and safe and sound.

I'm fond of fun ;  
I romp and run  
About from tree to tree ;  
When you pass by  
I'm up so high  
That none of you can see.

My coat's red-brown ;  
If I just came down,  
You'd see 'twas made of fur.  
I'm like the cat,  
You'll say, in that ;  
But then I do not purr.

My food so good,  
I find in the wood,  
Nuts, acorns, and fruits ; and  
these,  
Allow me to tell,  
I like twice as well  
As pie or bread and cheese.

I gather a store,  
Lest I get no more  
To eat when winter's here ;  
For then, you know,  
With frost and snow,  
There'd be no food, I fear.

I hide my food  
About in the wood,  
In any hole or nook ;  
When the trees are bare,  
I know it is there,  
And have not far to look.

When I want to floät,  
I can make a boat  
Out of a piece of bark ;  
As I cannot row,  
Would you like to know  
How I get along ? Just hark.

I hoist my tail  
To make a fine sail ;  
It looks as trim as can be ;  
I feel as proud  
As Captain MacFroud,  
Who has a ship on the sea.

Who'll live with me,  
So jolly and free,  
And have a sail in my ship ?  
Of course you'd get  
A little bit wet,  
If it should happen to tip.

Can you climb the tree,  
If you live with me,  
And sleep in my little nest ?  
'Oh, no,' you say,  
'So, squirrel, good day !  
I like my home the best.'

Ha-ha ! ha-ha !  
You'd want your mamma  
If you came to live with me ;  
'Tis better by far  
To stay where you are,  
And leave me to live in the  
tree.





### 23. TRY TO BE USEFUL.

use-ful  
pud-dings  
stitch

rea-son  
laugh  
thought

doubt  
cob-ble  
ought

stock-ings  
pic-tures  
prick-ed

Well done, Nelly! She is trying to mend her stockings. You see she is a very little girl, and I daresay she will make a sad cobble of her stockings, as

this is the first time she has ever tried to mend them. But never mind, if she does not do them very well, she is a good girl for trying. She knows her stockings will wear out, and that it takes her mother a long time to mend them, so she thought she would try what she could do.

There is no telling what little girls can do if they only try. They might make lots of nice things by trying. There is no reason why little girls should not try to make pies and puddings and cakes.

I wonder if the little girl in the picture can make a cake. Do you think she can?

But I must not forget to say that boys may be useful if they

will try. There are many little things they might do at home to help mother.

I don't think they ought to mend their stockings, for they would not know how to begin. No doubt they would make us laugh if they tried.

I know a little boy who tried to mend a hole in his stocking. But instead of putting it on his hand, as Nelly is doing, he put it on his leg, and then tried to stitch it outside. Of course he pricked his leg and did *not* mend his stocking.

There is work for boys, and there is work for girls, and now, while they are young, is the best time for them to find out in what way they can be most useful.

## 24. A FAIRY TALE.

|                                |                                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>swarm</b> , a large number. | <b>pal-ace</b> , a king's house. |
| <b>gnat</b> , a tiny fly.      | <b>ug-ly</b> , not pretty.       |

|                      |                   |                |                    |
|----------------------|-------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| <b>fair-y</b>        | <b>to-geth-er</b> | <b>mo-ment</b> | <b>them-selves</b> |
| <b>ev-er-y-thing</b> | <b>wait-ed</b>    | <b>flies</b>   | <b>a-greed</b>     |
| <b>think-ing</b>     | <b>keep-ing</b>   | <b>built</b>   | <b>danc-ed</b>     |

Once upon a time — you know fairy tales nearly always begin like that, and when you are telling them and have said, ‘Once upon a time,’ somebody says, ‘Yes, begin again,’ and so you have to begin again.

Well, once upon a time, a swarm of flies came to live for the summer in a room where it was very warm, because the sun used to shine into it so much. They lived in one corner of the room, some moths

in another corner, and some little gnats, whose home was near the pond, used to come in through the window sometimes to stay in another of the corners. One corner of the room was rather dark, so they never cared to go there.

But one day, one of the little gnats thought she would go and see what was there. So she went and never came back. Then another little gnat went, and *she* never came back. This made all the rest a little bit afraid, so they thought they would all go to the corner where the moths lived to see if the two lost gnats were there. But they found the moths in the same trouble as themselves, for two of their number had gone

to look in the corner and had never come back.

So then the gnats and moths went to the corner where the flies lived, to see if *they* had heard anything about the dark corner. They found that lots of the flies had gone there and had never come back again.

The gnats, flies, and moths then had a talk together to see what had better be done.

The flies, who were very fond of peeping into everything, thought they had better all go at once to see what had become of those that were lost, and the gnats and moths agreed to go with them. There was only one old fly who stayed at home, and his name was Blue Bottle.

Well, when they got to the

corner, they saw a strange-looking little castle built very close to the ceiling. 'Look there,' said one of the moths, 'that must be a fairy palace. No doubt, our lost friends have gone in there and found it so nice that they would not come back. Let us go in and see if they are there.'

But just at that moment, they saw some one coming out of a little room in the middle of the castle. So they waited to see who it was, thinking it was sure to be a fairy. But instead of that, they saw such a funny little man, with lots of eyes and legs, and a very small round body. He came to the edge of his grounds, and when he saw the gnats, and moths,

and flies, he almost danced for joy, there were such lots of them.

Then he said, 'Come into my castle. I shall be very pleased to see you. Some friends of yours came here the other day, and one or two of them are here now.'

So they all went with him, for he said he had so many nice things to show them. But long before they got to the room in the castle, they found that they had been caught in a net and could not get along.

'Ah!' said the funny little man, 'those who come in here never go out again, and I will eat you all up.' Then they tried to fly away, but could not, and he ate them all up.



Poor old Blue Bottle, who was a wise old fly, went over to the corner to see what had become of them all. When he got there, he saw at once that it was no fairy that lived there, but an ugly old spider who had made his web in the corner ready to catch them all. So then Blue Bottle knew what had become of them, and he went back to his corner and shed a few tears at the loss of his friends. At the same time he felt very glad that he had been wise enough to stay at home.

*The spider caught the  
flies in his web.*



## 25. THE ELEPHANT.

clum-sy, heavy-looking.  
emp-ties, pours out.

de-fend, guard.  
doz-en, twelve.

e-le-phant  
pic-ture  
ra-ther  
e-nough

any-thing  
some-times  
tusks  
an-i-mal

coun-tries  
In-di-a  
Af-ri-ca  
plough

per-haps  
sad-dle  
keep-ers  
teas-ed

E-l-e-p-h-a-n-t. That is a very hard word to spell, but you will see what it spells if you look at the picture. Some of you will say, 'Oh, yes! I have

seen a live elephant, and a fine clumsy fellow he looked.'

Yes, he does look rather clumsy, to be sure. What a large heavy body he has. If his legs were not very strong and rather short, he would not be able to stand. You see his head is small for his size. How would you like to have a long curly nose like that? Why, it is longer than his tail! It is not called a nose, but a trunk, and it serves him for nose and hands too.

You see the elephant's neck is so short that he could not bend his head low enough to drink, or to pick up anything with his mouth. This is why he has a long trunk. With it he can pick up anything he

wants. He could lift you up with it, but you would not like him to. Then when he wants to drink, he fills his trunk full of water, and empties it into his mouth. He likes to wash himself sometimes ; then he fills his trunk with water and throws it all over his body.

Do you see those long things on each side of his trunk ? They look like two very long teeth. They are called tusks, and are made of ivory. The elephant uses them to tear up roots when he wants to eat them, and if any other animal were to fight with him, he would use his tusks to defend himself.

Now, although the elephant looks so heavy and clumsy, he

is of great use in the countries where he is found. In India and Africa, where there are lots of little black boys and girls, the elephant is used instead of the horse. He draws the plough, and takes people out for a ride, just as our horses do. He is so tall that they have to climb a little ladder to get on his back. But he is so strong that a dozen can ride at once on a very large saddle, made to fit his back, and with seats all round it. Perhaps some of you have had a ride on the large elephant at the Zoo. Have you seen him pick up a penny, and put it in his keeper's pocket?

The elephant does not like to be teased, and if any one

teases him he will be sure to do something to them when he has the chance. He does not forget who has teased or hurt him, and when they are not thinking, he will perhaps give them a bath with the water he has in his trunk, instead of using it for himself.

A man once teased an elephant by pricking its trunk with a needle. Next time the elephant was going past where the man lived, he filled his trunk full of dirty water, and emptied it over the man as he sat at his window. I should think he would not tease the elephant any more.





## 26. LITTLE MASTER MISCHIEF.

**Os-wald**, a boy's name. | **El-sie**, a girl's name.

mis-chief  
Sun-day  
plain-ly

moth-er's  
fing-er  
draw-ers

watch-ing  
bed-room  
sis-ter

him-self  
bon-net  
squeez-ed

This is little Oswald, but his mother says he is as full of mischief as can be, so that is why

we have given him the name of 'Little Master Mischief.' When he was a very tiny boy he used to call himself 'Obbie.'

Now one day Obbie went up-stairs to look round his mother's bedroom. He took a peep into all the drawers that he could pull open. Then he found a box with his mother's Sunday bonnet in it. He took it out and thought he would try it on to see how he looked in it.

His little sister Elsie was watching him, and held up her tiny finger to him. She could not speak very plainly, so she said :

'Oo bad boy, I'll tell mudder.' She could not say mother.

---



But Obbie went on with his mischief until he had pulled the strings off the bonnet and squeezed it into all sorts of shapes. Then he put it back into the box and forgot all about it.

Next Sunday when his mother was going to church she found her bonnet not fit to put on.

Then Obbie thought what he had done, and I daresay he began to wish he hadn't done it.

It would be too bad of me to tell you what Obbie got for the mischief he did. Besides, you do not like to hear tales told unless they are very pretty indeed, so I won't tell. But I must say that he never touched a bonnet again.

He has begun to learn to read and write now, so that keeps him out of mischief.

Boys, if you want to know what will cure mischief, let me tell you there is nothing like *hard work*.





**27. THE APE'S SHOP.**

ape, monkey.

|

spice, sweets.

weights  
scalesbe-cause  
boughtpiece  
miceshelf  
him-self

An ape once kept a shop,  
As he had seen men do ;  
He found old weights and scales,  
Which did as well as new.

The owl took down the orders,  
Because he was so wise ;  
He did not need a lamp,  
He had such great big eyes.

A pig came in to buy  
(He was so very fat),  
He bought a piece of pork,  
And put it in his hat.

Two cats came in and said,  
' Can you sell us some mice?'

‘We cannot let you have them,  
For ours are made of spice.’

And thus the shop went on,  
With things upon the shelf;  
But nuts the ape sold none,  
He ate them all himself.

He cracked them with a weight,  
And hid them in the till,  
While the busy, wise old owl  
Was writing with his quill.

The owl looked very grave,  
And gave the ape some cuts  
Across his poor old back  
For eating all the nuts.







